

The Royal Recreation Of Jovial ANGLERS,

Proving that all Men are *Intanglers*,
And all *Professions* are turn'd *Anglers*.

To the Tune of, *Amarillis*.



Of all the Recreations which
attend on humane Nature,
There's nothing soes so high a pitch,
Or is of such a Stature,
As is a subtle Anglers life,
in all mens Approbation :
For Anglers tricks, do daily mir,
with every Corporation.

When Eve and Adam liv'd by love,
and had no cause for tangling,
The Devil did the Waters move,
the Serpent fell to Angling :
He baits his hook with God-like look.
quoth he, this will intangle her,
The Woman chaps, and down she drops
the Devil was first an Angler,

Physitians, Lawyers, and Divines,
are most ingenious Tanglers,
And he that tryes, shall find in fine,
that all of them are Anglers :
Whilst grave Divines do fish for souls,
Physitians, like Cormudgeons,
Do bait with Health, to fish for Wealth
and Lawyers fish for Gudgeons.
A Polititian too, is One,
concern'd in Piscatory,
He Writes & Fights, Unites & Slights,
to purchase Wealth and Glory ;
His Plumets sounds, the Kingdoms
to make the Fishes Ribble, (Bounds
He draws em with a Paste of Lyes,
and he blinds them with the Bible.

The second part

to the same Tune.



A Fisherman subdued a Place
in spite of Rocks and Staples,
The Warlike Massinello was
a Fisherman of Naples,
Commanded forty thousand Men,
and prob'd a Royal Wrangler:
You ne'r shall see the like agen,
of such a famous Angler.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt Twelve and
meets many a neat Intangler; (One
Post Merchant-men, not one in ten,
but is a cunning Angler,
And (like the Fishes in the Brook,)
Brother doth fish for Brother;
A golden Bait hangs at the Hook,
and they fish for one another,

A Shopkeeper I next prefer,
a formal Man in black, sir,
That throws his Angle every where,
and cries, What is't you lack, sir,
Fine Silks & Stuffs, or Woods & Puffs,
but if a Courtier prove the Intangler
My Citizen must look to't then,
or the Fish will catch the Angler.

A Lober is an Angler too,
and baits his Hook with Kisses,
He plays and toys, and fain would do,
but oftentimes he misses:

He gives her Rings, & such like things
as Fan or Muff, or Night-hood,
But if you'l cheat, a City-Beet,
you must bait her with a Knight-hood?

There is no Angler like a Wench,
stark naked in the Water,
She'l make you leave both Trout and
and throw your self in after: (Wench
Your Hook and Line, she will confine,
the Intangled is the Intangler;
And this I fear, hath spoild the Ware,
of many a jovial Angler.

If you will trowl, for a Scriveners soul
cast in a rich young Gallant;
To take a Courtier by the pawl,
throw out a golden Talent,
And yet I doubt, the draught will not
Compound for half the charge on't,
But if you'l catch, the Devil at a snatch
go bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus have I made, the Anglers Trade,
to stand above defiance,
For like the Mathematick Art,
it runs through every Science,
If with my Angling song, I can
with Mirth and Pleasure seize ye,
Ile bait my Hook with Wit again,
and Angle still to please ye.

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